

3. To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fireflies glance to the pools below.
4. I looked on the mountains—a vapor lay
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou brakest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.
5. I looked on the peasant's lonely cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;
But a gleam of *thee* on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.
6. To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender light on the ruin's head.
7. Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of burning gold.
8. And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.
9. Sunbeam of summer, oh, what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
One thing is like thee, to mortals given—
The faith, touching all things with hues of heaven.

MRS. HEMANS.

Spell and define—

2. Billows.
3. Quivering.

5. Gleam.
6. Flushing.

8. Gloom.
9. Wilderness.